

Philippine Islands
April 26, 1945

My darling mama:

Just another note to say that I am very busy. This is my first note in 3 days but I haven't had a minutes time. I hope to be able to write at length in a couple of days. There are no Japs anywhere near me – in fact the whole operation is a joke as far as opposition is concerned – but we have to receive the ammo just he same & a hell of a lot of it.

Days are terrifically hot: nights absolutely cold. I am enjoying the affair very much. Remember that I am in no danger of any type whatsoever.

I worship you,

Loving son John Harrod.

Part 2

My darling Mama:

This is the first time in 4 ½ days that I've had an opportunity to write more than a brief note I wrote one saying that I had arrived safely and that I was in no danger; then I wrote night before last just a brief note.

Just now it is 945pm and the sun has long set in the Bay which I can overlook as I wrote. We are shipping ammo, and when I finish this letter I must go & check on the movement. I worked nearly all of last night.

As I mentioned previously we came in as part of an operation, but we did not arrive until several days after the initial landing. As I knew before hand there was & still is no opposition – absolutely none: I think one Japanese was seen at this particular place; he was captured & then, I think, died soon after. Even though there is no opposition, the ammo must come and go anyway. Hence we are terrifically busy. There is lots of pressure on us from higher ups; much more than before, and we are having to watch our step.

I have been gathering interesting points in my mind to write about; I keep thinking that I want to comment about this & that to you, but I won't have time in this letter.

When we hit the island; I had to march the men about half a mile in full field equipment to a plantation where we were to set up bivouac; never in my life have I been as hot – I had to work for several hours locating a place for the camping; and finally had to divide the company into thirds & bivouac each third in a separate place – while we were still unsettled we were given a hundred different orders, etc. – Things are going more [illegible] now; but our move was like moving from Park Avenue to the Bowery overnight; inasmuch as we reverted to field soldering completely. Sleepy Hollows seems like a palace. In general however, I like the layout & am entrusted in the Philippines.

The days are unimaginably hot – the heat literally drives the life out of one. Nights – along toward morning are absolutely cold – much colder than in New Guinea, one shakes under one blankets which was all we had had up to today – however, by the time one goes to bed in the evening, it is still rather warm. See this heat is broken frequently by cool breezes which blow in from the Bay – so all in all, the climate is not especially bad.

What is that poem which say – “The Beggars have come to tow” – It certainly fits all the poor Filipinos – Their clothing are wretched rags – they have been mended constantly & all patches have several patches on them. They are friendly, but have a very sober [illegible] as you know. The poor devils have come down out of the Hills to their place – their home – for the first time since April 1942 – They of course, abhor the Japs. We are using them extensively for labor, but they are too small and weak for anything but light labor.

I am sure you must know what island I am on, although I have mentioned nothing in my letters indicative of any particular one – but by reading the news papers of this date and a week of so previously you would surely know

Sunsets are beautiful – the country looks much like some of the southern states – low rolling hills in this section – a terrific number of bats come out at sundown – They are about 5 times the size of bats I’ve seen in the states – They cover the sky.

Have had no nightmares since arriving – Am too tired – Lost my rimless glasses last night, but have my rimmed ones with me – Am sleeping in a jungle hammock

Well mother dear – this is all for tonight – must get to work – I love and adore you & shall find time to write in more detail soon.

Your ever loving son,

John Harrod

Who is sweet? You